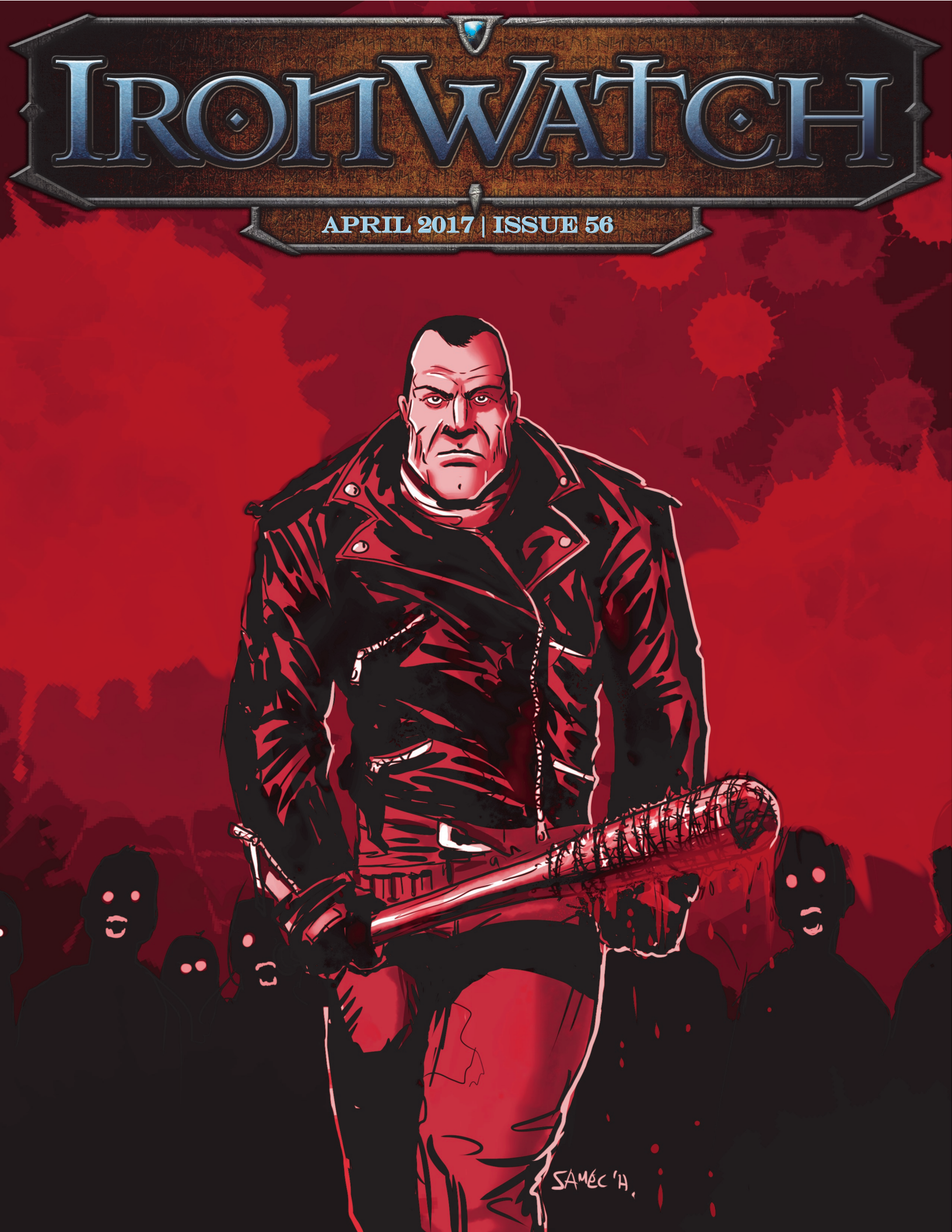
IronWatch

APRIL 2017 | ISSUE 56



EDITORS

Abbie Waters
Austin Peasley — “darkPrince010”
Donn Turner
E. McIlraith — “Crow”
Geoff Burbidge
Chris Bahnweg — “lernaean-hydra”
“OnePageAnon”

CONTRIBUTORS

Aaron Leahy — “Sardonic Wolf”
Aaron Magno — “sewersaint”
Adam Morrow
Alex Visentin — “reVenAnt”
Alex Younger
Alistair Moore — “platemail”
Andrew Evans
Andrew Schaffert
Andre Kritzinger—”Stratego”
Andy Beckett — “Needles”
“Arcaneshield”
“Azazelx”
“BAE”
Ben Rantall—”Bensome”
Ben Stoddard
Bil — “Orcsbain”
Blake Earle
Boris Samec — “Thane Bobo”
Boz Androic — ”The Boz”
Brad
Brad P.
C.A. Monteath-Carr — “Owesome”
Cedric Boudoya — “Boston Miniatures”
Chris Cousen — “Mister C”
Chris Davis — ”Geist”
Chris Livingstone — “stlwarrior”
Chris Schlumpberger — “Darkover”
Christopher Verspeak
Ciaran Darcy
Claudia Zuminich
“C M Minis”
“Cornonthecob”
Craig Johnson — “Spooney85”
Daniel — “Darklord”
Daniel King
Dave Johns
David Reid
Davyd P. Nash
“D&E Miniatures and Board Games”
Dennis Browning-Saunders
“Dorf_Pally_Dan”
Douglas Thoin
Doug Newton-Walters — “Hellebore”
“Dusty”
“Dwarf Giant”
Ender Thompson—”Civitar”
Eric Hopkins
Frederic Ramirez
Gareth Humphreys
Gary Bomhoff
George Adsett-Knutsen
Gerry Lee
Glenn Allan
Grant Mahoney
Giuseppe Aquino — “Walac”
Guido Quaranta
Guillaume Bertin
Guy Sodin
Ian Powell
“imm0rtal reaper”
Jack Evans — “ManticfanboyLAD”
James Hewitt
Jamie O’Toole
Jason Flint — “Weedy Elf”
Jason Moorman
Jim Kew
Joe Ketterer
Joe Murphy
John Cousen—”Mister C.”
John Hoyland — “katzbalger”
Jonathan Faulkes
Jonathan Hicks — “jontheman”
Jonathan Peace
Jon Peletis
Jose Manuel Chasco Gonzalez
Josselin Amoravain — “Joss”
Juanje
Judanas—”Ikiry0”
Kara Brown
Keith Mullumby
Ken—”dunsforddownunder”
Kenny Moncrieff
Kris Kapsner
“left64”
Leon Lynn
Liam Markey
Loic Boudoya
“Maccwar”
Malcolm Blackwell
Marcel Popik — “marseall”
Marek Vlha—”Paboook”
Maren Wolff
Mark Cox
Mark Peasley
Mark Relf
Mark Smith — “scarletsquig”
Mark Zielinski
Mart Hooiveld — “MArtyDagger”
Martin Geibner — “Summoning”
Matt — “Dustcrusher”
Matt Gilbert — “mattjgilbert”
Matthäus Mieczkowski —“Max Jet”
Matt Adlard
Matthew Beer
Matthew Lindsay
Matt I. — “JoV”
Maxwell McDougall — “Lord Marcus”
Mel Bose—”The Terrain Tutor”
Michael Carter — “puggimer”
Michael DeFranco —“MDSW”
Mike Carter
Mike Tittensor
“Nathan”
Neil Dixon
Neil Jones
Nick Williams — “Daedle”
Nicodemus Sandberg — ”Karadram”
Olaf Bressel
“Panda”
Patrick Lefevre— ”Patrick the Betrayer”
Paul Mitchell
Paul Mullis — “Osbad”
Paul Scott
Paul Welsh
Pete Harrison
Pete Kijek — “Pathfinder Pete McF”
Peter Bogdasarian
Peter Grose
Peter — ”Tek Thornisson”
Raffaele Passarelli
Raymond Mercer
Richard August
Richard Rimington—”Rimmo”
Rob Allen — “Briohmar”
Rob Burnam
Robert Dunham
Rob Phaneuf
Rob Taylor
“Rogue General Hunter”
Russell Barnes—”Spruce”
Ryan Shaw — “The Dire Troll”
Sebastian Pietrzak
Shane Baker — “Shaneimus”
Shane Knerl
Sharad Vora
“Skolo”
“Sneaky Chris”
Søren Emil Rosenhøj Bay
Steicy Jourdan
Stuart Smith — “Merlin”
“Sukura636”
Tas Stacey
Taylor Holloway
Tristan Coulson — “TSNC”
Tyr E.
Vane Dolenc—”lord_blackfang”
Vincent Pascaud
Wes Shipley
William Buchanan

ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Welcome back to IRONWATCH magazine! This month we've got gunpowder elves, calcified terrain, elvish warfare, and much more. We're also planning on releasing the Ironwatch Annual Year One here this next week, so if you've been waiting for that then your wait is almost over!

Following that release, we'll be compiling our first Ironwatch Tales, which will be a collection of the awesome fiction that has helped make Ironwatch so great. There's more great content to follow, in addition to our normal release schedule of magazine issues to boot, so get ready for a steady diet of awesome as we continue strong into the rest of 2017.

Now, while books and stories are all fine and good, we here at Ironwatch want to branch out a little, and what better way to do that than some physical accessories? Coming soon to a Kickstarter near you will be Goggles™. These ubiquitous props help make any outfit 100% more futuristic, and with a single pair you can turn your medieval cosplay outfit into sleek, sci-fi-ready regalia. A stylish add-on to any outfit, you can further enhance the effect by swapping to a suitably-futuristic shirt or coat as well; as for the pants, you can leave them as they are, safe in the assurance that your appearance as a citizen of tomorrow is assured. Pick a pair up in stores soon!

With that said, thank you again for reading, and please keep an eye out for our stories and games (and Goggles™) coming out next. We're always looking for more content, so please don't be shy about submitting them to us at the link below. Thanks again for reading, and whether you're an old veteran or a new recruit, Welcome to the Watch!

--Austin Peasley

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Contact us and submit articles at:
ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com

If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!

All models used in this publication are from the respective author's own personal collections, and any models displayed herein are not intended to challenge the status of the copyrights of their respective owners.

This publication is completely unofficial and is not produced by Mantic Games. It is fan-made material based on the original works by Alessio Cavatore and Jake Thornton, and produced by Mantic Games. Mantic, Dungeon Saga, Kings of War, Warpath, Deadzone, Dreadball, and all associated characters, names, places and things are TM and © Mantic Entertainment Ltd 2015. Used without permission. No challenge to their status intended. All Rights Reserved to their respective owners.

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Our pressganged protagonist has been captured and tortured by a foul sorceress for all he knows

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Judanas has an awesome Star-Struck City warband and Kings of War army for you to try

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A collection and update from his previous articles, Vane has some amazing new Units, magic items, and spells for you to try out in Kings of War

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Peter's got a great walkthrough tutorial showing how to make your own Undead-themed terrain with a few leftover decorations

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A brash young Elf seeks to join the illustrious Sea Guard, but first he must prove himself to his potential commander

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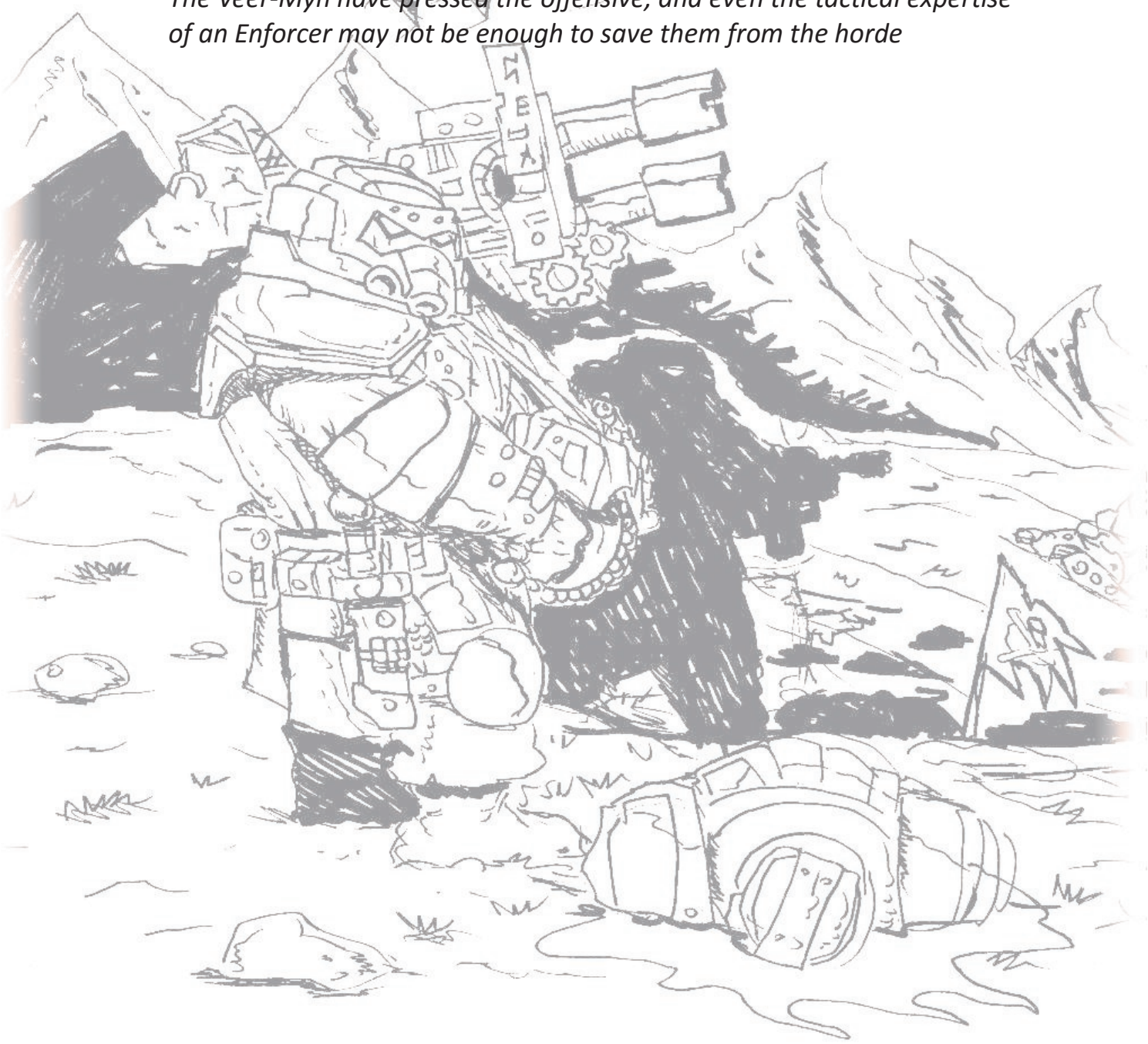

THE IRON FORGE

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we have:

- Cedric Boudoya with a sneak peek at his painted version of the Blaine miniature from Star Saga
- Chris Schlumpberger with an excellent set of matching Deadzone Enforcer Pathfinders and their heavier-armored brethren!
- Geoff Burbidge with a fantastic array of Deadzone Plague units on custom plagued bases!
- Marcel Popik, with Deadzone Forgefather Brokkrs as well as a Walking Dead: All-Out War Rick!

We also have a new painter coming to our roster: Søren Emil Rosenhøj Bay! Be sure to check out his works in upcoming issues of Ironwatch and the Iron Forge.

Stay tuned in next month for more fantastic models, and if you have some painted Mantic minis you'd like featured to possibly become an Iron Forge artist, please email high resolution photos of your miniatures to ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com.

Please include your name and/or Mantic forum name. You can also provide descriptions of your paint jobs and titles if you'd like!

Tower terrain by Paul Scott

CEDRIC BOUDOYA

CHRIS SCHLUMPBERGER

Some weeks ago I played a game of Deadzone against a bunch of Marauders, and my poor Enforcers got torn apart pretty badly. After that I decided to add more options to my strike force and to finally paint a bunch of Pathfinders and another Peacekeeper. Painting them was rather straight forward once more: after priming the models black I used my airbrush to add a layer of Vallejo airbrush silver, followed by black wash (I prefer Army Painter Dark Tone).

After that I once more used the airbrush to add highlights with Vallejo chrome (also one of their brilliant airbrush metal colours), followed once more by black wash, this time focussing on certain areas and generally adding more depth to the models.

After that it was time to bring in the red. I use Tamiya Clear Red for that, but since it's rather thick and dries quickly it has to be thinned down using airbrush thinner or something simmilar. This mix is a bit fiddly and it usually needs multiple thin layers until you get a nice smooth look. It's important to let every layer dry completely before adding the next one, otherwise you'll simply shove the half dried colour around, generating a rough surface and pretty much ruining the paintjob.

CHRIS SCHLUMPBERGER

Once the red was done I focussed on the cloth/kevlar areas and the guns, which I based on Vallejo dark grey. Skin and details followed. Matt varnish had to be applied with special care this time, since it mustn't get near the clear red parts (gloss varnish can be used to correct errors).

GEOFF BURBIDGE

GEOFF BURBIDGE

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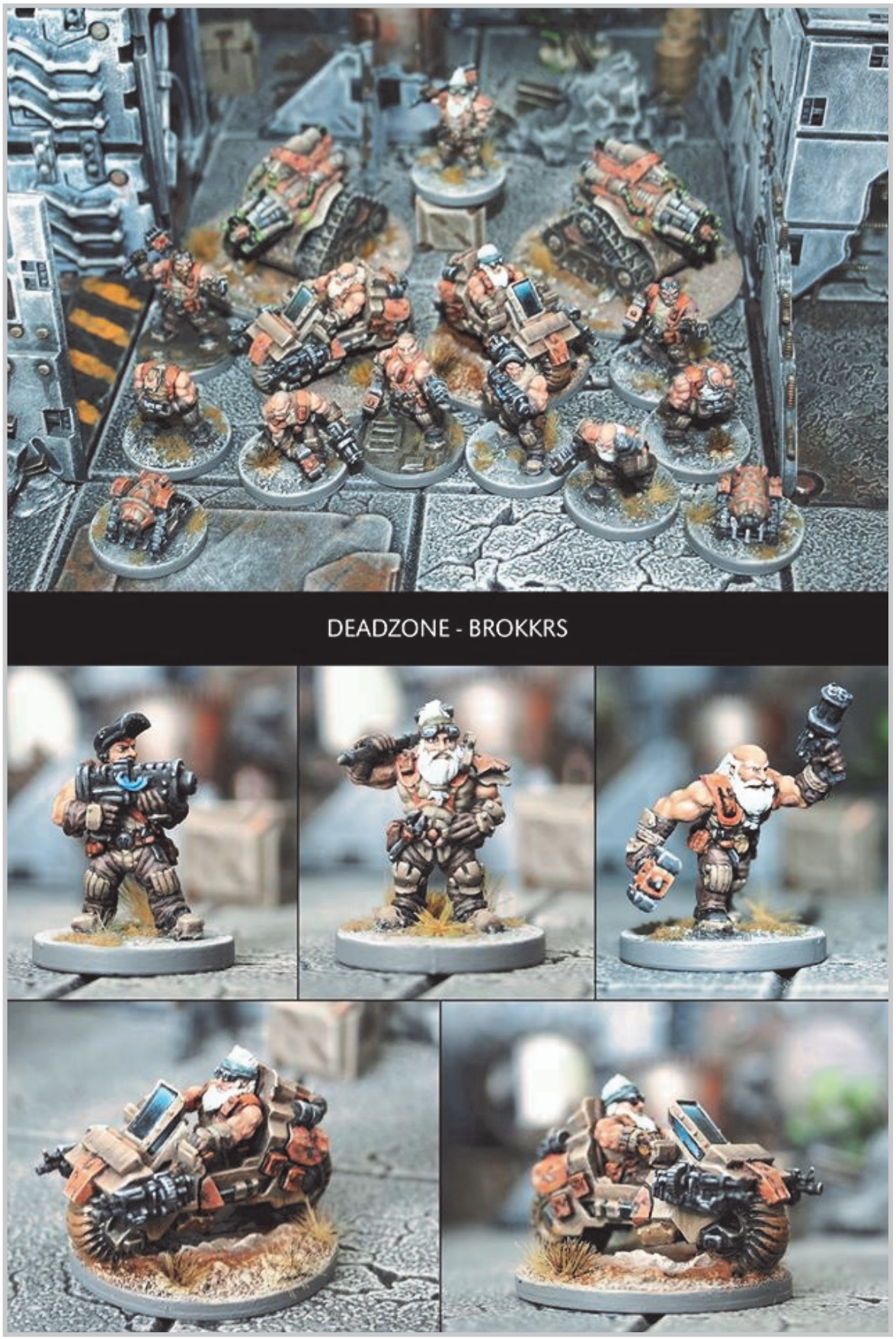
GEOFF BURBIDGE

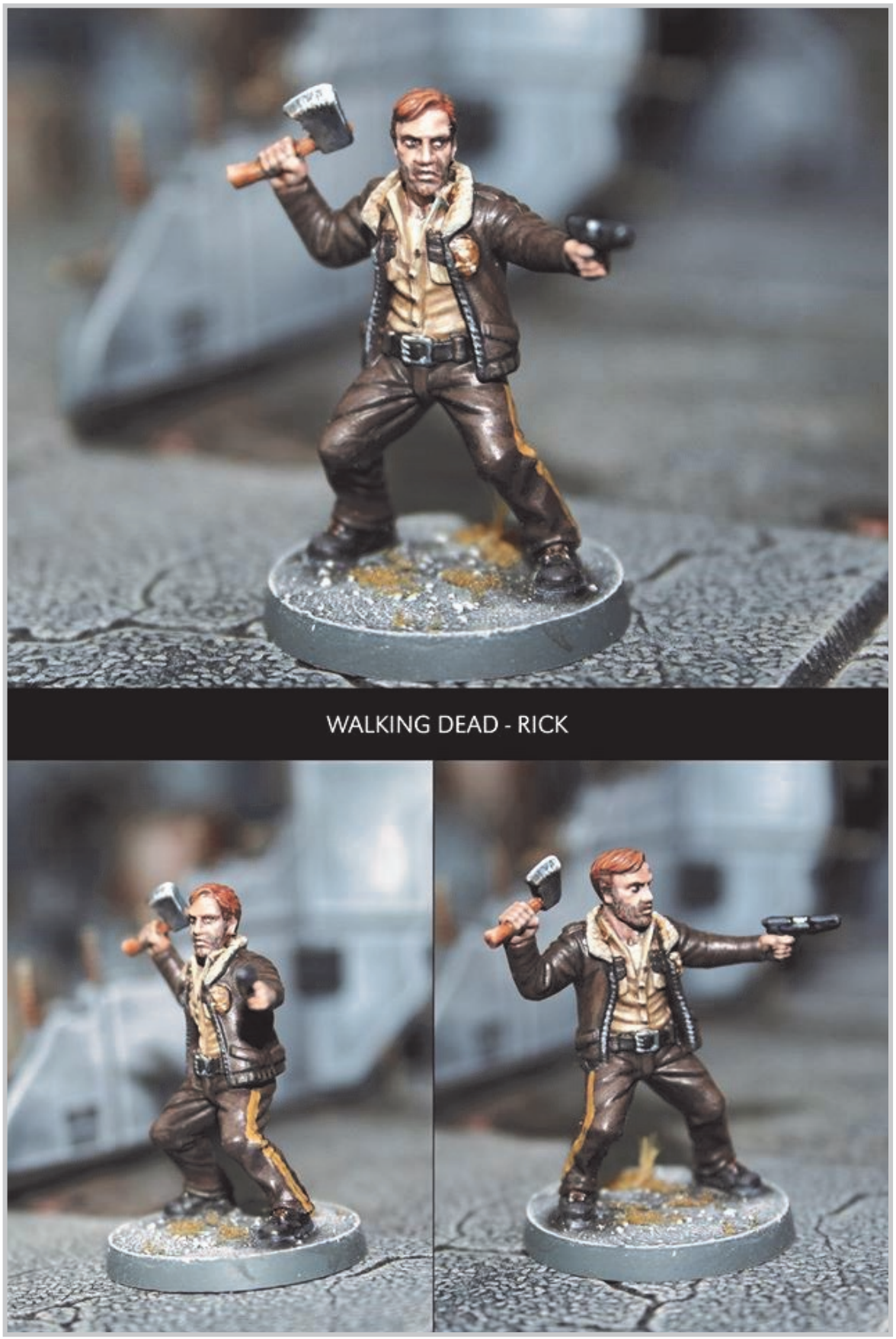
MARCEL POPIK



DEADZONE - BROKKRS

MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK



WALKING DEAD - RICK

Mars Attacks Martians in the Deadzone by Shane Knerl

MANTIC CALENDAR

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums or **email us** with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course).

April

4/1 **Teescon 2017**
From 10:00 AM to 3:00 PM
Teesside Wargames Convention, Eston Leisure Centre, Normanby Road, Middlesbrough, Middlesbrough TS6 9AE, UK

4/2 **Cannon 2017**

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

£3 entry fee (£2 for kids and concessions)

Retford Town Hall , DN22 6DB, Retford , UK

4/22 **Salute 2017**

From 10:00 AM to 3:00 PM

Tickets start at £12.00 online and £20.00 at the door.

Salute is the biggest independent one-day wargaming and gaming event in the UK. Our aim is to promote the very best in the hobby. Held at ExCel London, there will be the usual traders, with some from overseas as well, along with plenty of demonstration and participation games to see and take part in.

ExCel London, Royal Victoria Dock, 1 Western Gateway, London E16 1XL, UK

4/28 **BrisCon 2017**

From 6:00 PM on 4/28 to 4:00PM on 4/30

Brisbane's Best Weekend of Gaming! BrisCon is looking to host a number of gaming competitions in 2017, and will host a Bring and Buy market for all gaming, hobby and related items. Kings of War is the premier fantasy wargaming system in QLD. Masses of ranked warriors battle, wizards and dragons fight, all in this superbly written rule-set. If you are interested, come along to our events on the 29th and 30th and have a go!

BrisCon, 68 Green Terrace, Windsor, Queensland, Australia.

Marauder Dreadball Team by Grant Mahoney

Varangur Chosen by Paul Welsh

4/28 **Lonewolf Tournament of Texas**

From 6:00 PM on 4/28 to 3:30PM on 4/30

Registration is $70.

The LoneWolf is a Kings of War grand tournament in the United States, with a rich history of epic competition, top notch players and some of the coolest trophies around. For more than fourteen years the tournament has been operating as one of the premiere wargaming tournaments in the south.

DFW Airport Marriot South, Main Ballroom, 4151 Centreport Boulevard, Fort Worth, Texas 76155, USA

May

5/6 **Mantic Open Day**

From 8:00 AM to 5:00 PM

Hear from the Mantic team, enjoy both games and painting activities, check out the new and upcoming releases, and more!

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF, UK

5/21 [Partizan Wargames Show]

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

Enjoy awesome gaming and beautifully-painted armies and dioramas, as well as traders and more!

George Stephenson Pavilion, Newark Showground, Drove Lane, Newark, Nottinghamshire, NG24 2NY, UK

5/27 [Chillcon 2017]

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

[Tickets start at £4]

Asylum Wargaming and Chilling Wargamers bring you Yorkshire's new must-attend event, ChillCon! ChillCon brings you the U.K.'s premier vendors of wargaming goodness, including Mantic Games, Warlord Games and Foundry. Add Kings of War and Bolt Action tournaments and oodles of participation games, and it's THE place to be; you'd be mad to miss it!

Ecclesfield School Chapeltown Road, S35 9WD Sheffield, UK

A Kings of War siege by "SneakyChris"

Deadzone Reb Strider by Nicodemus Sandberg

6/9 **Barrage**

From 10:00 AM to 4:00 PM

£3 entry fee (Kids under 16 free)

2017 will be the 5th year for Bararge Wargames show. We hope to bring you a bigger and better show with a great mix of games, traders and competitions.

Blessed William Howard High School, Rowley Avenue, Stafford, Staffordshire, ST17 9AB, UK

June

6/2 **UK Games Expo 2017**

From 11:00 AM on 6/2 to 4:00 PM on 6/4

Tickets start at £28 for all three days

Now in its 11th Year, UK Games Expo (UKGE) is the largest Hobby Games Convention in the UK. A fun event appealing to families and the general public as well as the enthusiast. It is held in the NEC and Hilton Hotel, near Birmingham in the West Midlands.

The NEC: North Ave, Marston Green, Birmingham B40 1NT, UK

The Hilton: Pendigo Way, Marston Green, Birmingham B40 1PP, UK

6/17 **Clash of Kings Doubles Tournament**

From 9:30 AM on 6/17 to AM to 3:50 PM on 6/18

£70 for a ticket for a two-player team

Fight as comrades in arms at the Clash of Kings Doubles Tournament. Team up with a friend and compete against other pairs of players for the title of Doubles Champions!

Mantic Games, 193 Hempshill Lane, Bulwell, Nottingham, NG6 8PF, UK

Looking for an event, but don't see it listed? We rely on the Mantic Calendar for events, so please either coordinate your event there or let us know directly if you have an event you'd like to have featured on the monthly Calendar!

QUARANTINE

We're proud to announce the second Ironwatch Game: Quarantine!

Set on the fringes of civilized space, Deadzone and Warpath are games of futuristic battles fought among the ruins of human colonies against a variety of alien threats. Quarantine represents the actions of the spaceships orbiting above the shrouded worlds.

Quarantine is played with model ships on a battlefield that is represented by a gaming mat. As a player you will take command of a squadron of vessels manned by the elite of human and alien spacefarers. Each turn you decide which of your models to move and what they will do, advancing through space and shooting at your enemies.

This is game is based off of Deadzone, and focuses on the Containment Protocol operations in space. It is designed as a set of simple to play space combat rules based around the Mantic system and should therefore be easy for Deadzone players to learn and add seamlessly into their games. The original concept was to add an insertion scenario at the start of a Warpath or Deadzone campaign and end it with a daring escape from the planet, whether the team plays heroic Rebs, steely-eyed Marauders, profit hungry Forge Fathers or even the malevolent Plague leaders intent on spreading the Contagion beyond the worlds they had already infected. Naturally the Enforcers will try to protect the rest of mankind from the risk of the Plague, even if they have to kill a significant number of people to do so.

What we're posting now is the basic rules; Behind the scenes, we're working on a "deluxe"/full version complete with stories from Ironwatch issues, pictures, and art from artist Boris Samec. The deluxe version will also be available for free, and we'll be putting up the deluxe version for printing off of Lulu at-cost if you would like a hard copy as well.

Can you man the helm and survive the enemies you'll face in the unfeeling void?

Come get the Basic Rules for Quarantine here!

UNBOXING THE WALKING DEAD: ALL OUT WAR... IN STEREO!

Video Review by Donn Turner

Eric Hopkins and Don Tibbits, from D&E Miniature and Board Games, have created a Walking Dead: All Out War unboxing video...in STEREO! You can watch this 14 minute and 12 second video on their YouTube channel, where they will open two core sets at the same time. They offer an honest review of the box contents, provide 360 degree view of some of the models, and argue about who gets to be Negan. Apparently, at the last con that they attended, they had to confiscate a lot of bats covered in razor wire.

If you want to check out the video, you can find it at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LllfrrDJvGQ

AMMO RELOAD
SPECIAL ITEM
Attachment (Ranged Weapon). Discard this card as an action to reload the attached weapon.
BANDAGES
SPECIAL ITEM
Discard this card as an Action to restore one health point lost earlier in the game.
HOCKEY STICK
MELEE WEAPON
Adds to melee attack roll.

A pair of Pirates in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

THE ORDER OF MAURICE

EPISODE 8: WITH OPEN ARMS

By Ben Stoddard

"Why are you here?" The voice reverberated through Jephraim's skull and set his teeth on edge. He tried to open his eyes, but when he did a blinding red light forced them to close again and set another wave of nausea through his stomach. A sharp pressure to his abdomen caused him to cry out as a horned foot made contact with his exposed ribs.

"I'll ask you once more." The voice purred, it belonged in the throat of a beautiful woman rather than the monstrosity that the thief knew was staring down at him. "Why are you here?"

"Water!" Jephraim croaked from behind cracked lips. This caused a dry chuckle to escape his tormentor's silken throat. She knelt down beside him, drawing a clawed fingernail across his cheek in a caress that left a bloody red line wherever it traced. Jephraim shuddered under her touch.

"My dear, the only relief you'll receive from me is a swift death *if* you answer my questions to my satisfaction and even that isn't much of a promise as I'm not sure what kind of mood I'll be in when we're finish. The only thing you should know at this point is that you will not die until after you've divulged all of your secrets to me, and until you die you will continue to suffer."

Jephraim tried to push away the blurry cotton that filled his mind and blinded his memory. How had he come to this place?

What was he doing here? He'd remembered running, and the taste of fear in his mouth as he'd been sick on the side of the road. Then there was a memory of falling. What had happened?

If his aching muscles would've allowed it he would have sat bolt upright as a single thought tore through his addled mind: The Captain! The title slipped from his bloodied lips as the demoness aimed another blow to his exposed ribs. The deformed foot stopped mid kick and the temptress cocked her head to one side.

"What was that my pet?" She brought her face close to his own and waited for his response.

"He's behind you!" Jephraim whispered as his mouth split into a grin and he let out a screeching laugh. The demon stared at him in surprise for a split second in confused shock before screaming as the tip of a blade tore through her chest. As she fell to the ground the Captain stood up slowly, cleaning his blade on her already cooling corpse before moving around to help Jephraim to his feet.

"Well, they know we're here now." The Captain grunted while catching the thief who was beginning to topple forward again. "Can you stand?" Taking a deep breath, Jephraim closed his eyes and took several deep breaths while he waited for the ground to stop spinning beneath him.

Kingdoms of Men Wizard by Andre Kritzinger

Undead Revenant by Jim kew

"What happened?" He croaked once the dizziness had subsided a little.

"You don't remember?" Morticus looked sideways at him, "You must've hit your head pretty hard. We were sneaking into the tower where I last saw my father and you put your weight on a faulty step and went crashing down into the middle of their ritual. I was afraid that you were dead, but then I heard them give the order to take you into this side room for questioning and I figured there was no point in questioning a corpse so I waited until the others left then snuck in here to save you. Problem is going to be getting you out of here."

Jephraim staggered again and leaned heavily against the Captain's side. He mumbled an apology and tried to right himself but the floor refused to acknowledge his feet and he slid back onto the ground. His eyes rattled in his skull and in the jarring silence that followed his collapse he began to hear whispers in the shadowed alcoves of the decrepit room where he lay.

You were always a disappointment. He heard a voice whisper the accusation and felt the accompanying rush of gut wrenching adrenaline. His pupils rolled as they tried to focus on the source of the voice, latching on to disjointed sounds that seemed to

emanate more from his own fevered mind than from any hollowed out space surrounding him.

Even now you can't separate the voices in your head from the reality that's staring you directly in the face. The voice laughed and Jephraim groaned as he gripped his head in his hands and slid slowly to the ground in a torpid stupor. His vision blurred and he felt Morticus's hand shaking him, but it felt as though it were a memory, intangible as mist and further away than simply his shoulder. *Your friend is calling out to you, but he cannot save you. You have come willingly into my arms, like you did when you were little when I told you to. Even now you obey my summons, don't you? You have no choice.*

"No!" Jephraim called out and some echo in the back of his mind seemed to register Morticus's voice shushing him. His vision clouded over with smoke as the shadows around him wriggled and writhed their way together to form a solid shape before his eyes. He couldn't see Morticus anywhere, but neither could he tear his eyes away from the shadow figure before him, he recognized the stooped shoulders and the broad-knuckled hands that hung low over the dark hips that stood now before him. The voice gathered itself and projected out from the swirling smoke that formed a mouth whose lips twisted into a vile smile.

That's right, my boy, call out just like you did when you were little. See how no one comes to your rescue? You will bleed, boy, you know how this all ends. Only this time there'll be no one there to stop me. That damn woman didn't suffer near enough for what she did to me, and neither did you. The smoke moved forward on legs that swirled as if blown about by a wind only it could sense. The smile on its face spread into a grin and two glowing, red eyes appeared to float above to mirror its insidious glee. *She may be gone, but at last I'll have my satisfaction with you, now won't I?* The creature laughed as it drew closer, close enough for its shadowed limbs to reach out and brush against Jephraim's legs. The thief recoiled back against the pillar behind him.

"Please, no! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to!" Choked sobs wrenched themselves out of Jephraim's throat and hot tears fell from his red eyes. He'd refused to answer Morticus when he'd asked why the thief had been so willing to go with him back into the city to try and rescue Rigo. The shadow creature reared its head back and laughed, a hissing sound that caused the other, natural

Kingdoms of Men Spearman by "ManticFanBoyLAD"

Undead Giant Skeletal Rat/Dog in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

shadows to flicker like the light of a candle. Jephraim tried to press himself further into the stone pillar at his back as his eyes darted desperately around the room, unable to fix on any single thing for long.

Horns sprouted from the head of the shadow figure, extending out so high that it seemed impossible that they did not scrape the ceiling. Its fingers extended out and curled into sharp talons and its back hunched over as more bony extrusions seemed to explode out of its back. Yet even as it changed shape Jephraim could not mistake its identity. It was the reason that he had agreed to come back with Morticus, it was why he hadn't hesitated when faced with the dangerous task ahead. He knew the horrors of what Morticus was going to face, he'd already faced them himself and had failed before. That failure had cost his mother her life and had haunted him all his days, driving him from the arms of one lover after another, one thieving score and then another, each one in pursuit of a way to silence this demon that even now hovered before him. Jephraim knew all too well the demons of the type Morticus had described. He realized that the Tortured Souls had almost torn through his defenses to remind him of this pain, but he had been able to stop it by falling unconscious. Now the blessed oblivion refused to come, stubbornly it lay just out of reach behind the iron doors of the present.

As the shadows began to stretch out their smoke-filled tendrils towards him, Jephraim finally looked straight on towards the figure before him and whispered its name.

"Father… I'm sorry!"

The shadow paused at this utterance and seemed to tilt its head to the side. *You're sorry!?* Its voice grated out throw the terrible, sharp teeth protruding from its lip. *You think that pity will save you? You think that I care one whit about your apologies? You killed me, boy! All because you wouldn't man up and take responsibility for your actions. All because you let your mother take your punishment for you! You are a coward! You hide behind women! You take what is not yours! You do this and you think that there would never be a reckoning? Think back boy! Remember your shame!*

Jephraim remembered alright, it was a familiar memory that always hovered just beneath his eyelids whenever he shut his eyes to sleep. The flames were painted there in the crimson hues of shame. The screams of his mother as she tried to put herself in between the ferocious blows of her drunken husband and her terrified son. He remembered the snapping sound of her neck when she fell after his father had pushed her aside in his anger. He remembered the pain and the anger he had felt as he saw his mother's body go slack, the way his father had stopped his rain of blows down on him and had turned to look at his wife's now corpse. He remembered his father's tears as he had stooped to pick her up and watched as her head and limbs fell limply across him as his drunkard of a parent pulled her broken form towards him all the while sobbing at what had happened.

Kingdoms of Men light cavalry by "Daedle"

Abyssal Gargoyle by Chris Schlumpberger

He remembered taking something heavy and while his father's back was turned to him in grief as he sobbed over the woman he'd loved and killed he had crept up behind him and slammed the heavy object over and over again over his father's skull until crimson spray had painted the dirt floor of their cottage in a bloody mess. He remembered the heat of the flames from lighting their home on fire and watching it burn, even allowing some of the flames to scorch his flesh in order to make his story more convincing to the rest of the village when they came running to see what had caused the fire. He remembered the hushed whispers by his recovery bedside: a candle must have caught a curtain on fire, it was decided, poor boy barely made it out alive and his parents… A damn shame, it was said, a poor, damn shame.

"I'm sorry, Father, I'm sorry for Mother, too." Jephraim's voice was a husky echo that felt hollow in the shadowed cavern of a room where he now sat. The shadow loomed over him, its burning red eyes boring through the top of his skull.

That's not good enough. The shadow hissed. *I am owed more than your shallow apology.* It raised its clawed fist above its head, readying to bring it crashing down on Jephraim's bowed head. Jephraim sighed deeply, his body seemed to uncoil and relax. He nodded.

"Stop!" A voice called out, and out of the darkness a beam of light fell across the shadow, causing it to hiss and stumble backwards. Another shape seemed to step out of this shaft of light and stared down at Jephraim.

"Stand up my son!" The voice rang out again. "Stand up and face this monster! My death is not your fault! Stand up to him! Face him! He cannot stand against us both!" Something clattered next to the thief's foot and he reached down to touch the hilt of his seax. His numb fingers held the weapon before his eyes and he stared at it in wonder. He was sure he had lost this in the last fight with the Abyssals. Even more wondrous was the figure of light now standing before him. He recognized her shape, the way she held herself, her bearing, everything was familiar, even the smell of lilacs that he always remembered in his dreams when he thought of her.

"Stand up and face him, my son! He is the cause for all of your pain. Strike him down now and be free of him!" The light held out a

hand, which he gingerly took, and pulled him to his feet. Different tears now stained Jephraim's cheeks as he looked into the shining face that even now smiled at him. Behind the light, the shadow was pushing itself to its feet. Jephraim pulled the figure of light behind him and stood ready to face off against his own personal demon.

Morticus groaned as he forced himself to rise. The demoness had struck him hard in the chest as he'd been trying to get Jephraim to snap out of it and stop his cries. Now he looked across at the thief in disbelief as he pulled the red-skinned she-devil behind him and readied himself in a defensive crouch.

"Thief! What are you doing with that devil! Get away from her before she hurts you again!" Morticus pulled his blade free of its scabbard and watched as Jephraim's face hardened.

"You are the one who hurt her! I won't let you do it again! It's because of you that she died!" The thief screamed and raised his weapon, then he charged at the Captain, his weapon aimed for a killing blow. Morticus gasped and brought his own blade up to defend himself, while behind his friend the demoness smiled as her new puppet began raining blows down on him.▪

Undead Revenant Cavalry by Peter Grose

A pitched battle in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

THE IRONLEAF KIN

By Judanas—"Ikiry0"

The Ironleaf Kin are a people driven to the brink of destruction and clinging to the edge.

The forces of the Abyssal Dwarves had been routed but they had cut deep and wounded the land and it's people greatly. Blessed arrows had bounced from obsidian golems as if they were nothing but rain and the dragon's breath weapons of the dwarves had reduced forests and the shamblers that marched from them to so much burning and broken timber. The king and his men had prepared a last stand at the white, shining walls of his city...only for aid to come for unlooked.

Elven Bolt Throwers by Matt Gilbert

Dwarven troops, marching to war against their dark kin. Where his men's expertly aimed arrows had done nothing, volleys of bullets had reduced golems to fragments. The iron beasts of the dwarves had endured flames that had sent the eldest kin of the forest into flight. He sallied forth with his royal guard and together they drove the dark beings from his land...but his heart was troubled.

His men were brave and skilled, his craftsmen genius' of swordmanship and fletchery...but the sheer power of what the dwarves wielded...no razor sharp arrow could match such a thing. He spoke at length with the dwarven lord and learned of this technology and the wonders it had done not

just to war but to farmers and cityfolk alike. He looked at his people's forests and fields, blackened and ruined and swore that though he may not understand this technology, he would embrace it if it meant saving his people.

Elven Spearmen by Jonathan Faulkes

Over the next several summers a transformation occurred, aided by the dwarven allies. Several of the brightest minds of his people, including his own daughter, went to dwarven lands to learn the secrets of this technology alongside the engineers of the dwarves. Caravans marched to his lands carrying food to feed a people who had lost all farming land...along with machine-crafted tools and blueprints for new designs. Rifles, engines, fine clockwork, all were embraced. The royal guard put down their bows and raised rifles, learning to work these strange new devices.

Where the forests of the land had been burned down, farmland was laid. Workshops were raised up, employing both native and foreign craftsmen and life was transformed. Before long they were able to stop accepting the pity supplies from dwarven allies and start repaying the debt with gold and gems from deep shaft mines. Purchased dwarven rifles were replaced with fine weapons of elven crafsmanship. They were ready to engage with the world again as a damaged but unbroken people.

The fallen city of Casa-Omnicidi fascinates the Ironleaf Kin and in particular the king's daughter, Ashryn. In it they recognise a kinship to themselves, a ruined and destroyed city. They are determined to recover and rebuild where it fell away and was lost to time. Ashryn believes that the history of such a city is to be learned from and has requested her father send scholars and archeologists to the Star-Struck City. The strange starmetal so plentiful there and the old history of the city could all be incredible tools in the rebuilding of their nation, the basis for tools of great power.

Or, perhaps, she is sending brave soldiers to learn what should have remained lost beneath the waves forever.

Ironleaf Kin Warband

Warband Special Rule

Battle Hardened: All units in this list have the Elite special rule

Alignment: Good

Common Equipment:

Pistols, Rifles, Carbines (Counts as Harpoon Guns/Firebolts)

Unit	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	To	GC	Special
Iron Legionary	6	4	4	4	1	5/6	10	
Minutemen	6	5	5	3	1	5/6	8	Pathfinder
Grenadier	6	3	4	4	1	5/6	16	Stealthy, Brutal
Mage Initiate	6	4	4	4	1	5/6	13	Has 1 Skill chosen from the Shooting or Magic Skill lists.
Iron Knight	6	3	-	5	3	-/8	25	Base Size: 50x50mm, Large, Height 3, Crushing Strength (1), Iron Resolve
Steel Dragonfly	10	4	-	6	1	-/6	21	Not Elite, Beast, Fly

Miscellaneous Equipment:

First Aid Kit (15)
Unit gains Heal (2) and Regeneration (6+)

Officer's Cap (5)
Unit gains Rallying(1)

Naptha Grenades (10)
Unit gains Thunderous Charge (2)

Mounts:

Stormwind Steed (12)
Unit gains Cavalry, +3" Sp, Thunderous Charge (2), and +1 Def

Silverbreeze Steed (6)
Unit gains Cavalry, +4" Sp, and Nimble

Artifacts:

Ring of Repulsion (25)
Unit gains Big Shield, +2 Def, and +2/2 Toughness

Guerilla Training (25)
Unit gains Advanced Deployment, Stealthy, Vanguard, +1 Def, and +1/1 Toughness

Cold Iron Banner (35)
Unit gains Very Inspiring and grants all friendly units within 12" Iron Resolve and Dispel

Starfall Mortar (50)
Unit gains a ranged weapon with the following profile: 48", -1 Me, Piercing (1), Blast (D3), Indirect, and Reload!

Roofrunner's Amulet (40)
Unit gains Windblast (5), Pathfinder, and automatically passes Fall checks.

Elven Archer by Matt Gilbert

Troops:

Iron Legionnaires: The Iron Legion is the new army of the Ironleaf Kin, elven skill meeting strong discipline and a ruthlessness that is rarely see among their kin. Each is a skilled warrior with blade, rifle or glaive and more than willing to put his life on the line to protect the archeologists that have been brought to this city to study it. Their arms and armour may not be as fine as that of their predecessors but machined armour is a close match and much kinder on supplies.

Minutemen: Every civilian has known the horrors of war, seen the effects upon their lands and friends. As such, the Ironleaf kin have no shortage of skilled outdoorsman willing to take up arms to defend hearth and home when called. Ashryn has asked many skilled trackers to aid the legionnaires in their task, the expertise and sharp eyes of these people essential in surviving the dangers of the city.

Grenadiers: The losses of their fellows cut some elves deeper than others. Some retreated deep into themselves and became sullen and taciturn. It is from these tortured souls that the grenadiers draw. The grenadiers do their work in the shadows, blades striking from the dark or the sudden crack of a grenade breaking the silence of the night. These fearless and callous soldiers have almost found a second home in Casa-Omnicidi, the dark city never safe enough to give time to mourn lost lives.

Mage Initiate: One of the greatest losses the Ironleaf kin suffered was their mage colleges, centuries of magical traditions wiped away by war. As a result, those sent with the exploration teams are less trained than they would have been in years past. Still, what they lack in magical expertise they have made up for in martial training as each has been drilled to shoot and fight as a soldier as well.

Iron Knight: The iron knights are far from true knights, each a golem of staggering cost from the personal factories of princess Ashryn. Where elementals and obsidian golems can be clumsy tools with the grace of a gigantic toddler, the Iron Knights move with as much skill as any elven knight of old. Armed with weapons scaled for themselves they have become much sought after bodyguards for the explorers of the Star-Struck City.

Steel Dragonfly: Flying above the city, keeping watch on the warbands they protect are the Steel Dragonflies, each a wonder of engineering and magic in the form of a flying insect. More intelligent than any golem, they are capable of as much cleverness as a well trained falcon even as their armoured forms deflect arrows that seek to send these mechanical scouts from the sky and small welding torches harry foes who could harm

their allies.

Equipment:

First Aid Kit: Battlefield medicine is an area the ironleaf elves have become experts in. Herbal remedies replaced with mass produced tools and medicine in large quantities have given them an edge over many other warbands in the city, well able to keep functioning as accidents and skirmish injuries do not take lives that could have been saved.

Officer's Cap: The warbands sent by the ironleaf elves are coordinated units rather than mercenaries held together by shared greed. As a result, symbols of rank are an excellent rallying point for a warband as they obey orders and hold on to unity of purpose.

Naphtha Grenades: Black metal canisters, naphtha grenades are horrific weapons that are rarely issued to explorers of the star struck city. Exploding into billowing flame they can consume a target before the soldier reaches them or leave them off balance enough that putting them down is an easy task.

Artifacts:

Ring of Repulsion: One of the most interesting uses of starmetal that has been discovered is that of rings of repulsion. Incredibly finely crafted works of magic these rings allow the very air around the user to harden in the face of attacks, deflecting arrows as easily as light rain.

Guerilla Training: Several prior teams have already started exploring the city, marking safehouses and ambush zones. A warband who proves their expertise by recovering historical artifacts could be granted access to this wealth of information, all the better to

Elven Archer by Jonathan Faulkes

take advantage of the winding streets and alleyways of the city.

Cold Iron Banner: The banners of iron legionnaire units are icons of pride and honor that bring courage to the heart of any of the ironleaf kin. In addition, many of them are enspelled with powerful warding rituals in order to sap the energy from hostile spells. Several exploratory warbands have already been lost in the city and recovering such a banner would bring great glory to those who manage it.

Starfall Mortar: The starfall mortar is a wonder of miniaturization, the power of light artillery in a way that a single person can carry and deploy. These expensive pieces of work are only granted to the most skilled warbands as each is the result of many hours of work and rare alloys.

Roofrunner's Amulet: Elves have always had an affinity for the magic of the air, using it to aid the flight of arrows or calling down bolts of lightning against their foes. The roofrunner's amulet is a test of a new type of such magic, making a mockery of the limited mobility of others. Making the users body as light as a cloud, it allows for a daring wearer to dive from a tower spire to the ground without the slightest worry of pain or to call on the winds to buffet a pursuer off a roof. A few of these amulets were granted to the first warbands to enter the city, most of them now lost and waiting for those who recognise what they are to recover them.

Editor's Note: Judanas was also kind enough to include his Iron Leaf Kin army list for regular Kings of War play as well. Be sure to check it out on the following pages!▪

An Elvish warband in the Star-Struck City by Austin Peasley

Ironleaf Kin

Army Special Rule

Battle Hardened: All units in this list have the Elite special rule

Alignment: Good

Special Rules

Grenades: Mark a unit that is equipped with Grenades with one or more such models. The unit then counts as being equipped with a throwing weapon that can be used only once per game (remove the Grenades markers once the weapon is used up). When you throw the grenades, roll 5 dice to hit, regardless of the firer's Attacks. They always hit on 4+ regardless of modifiers. Then, for each point of damage caused, roll to hit and to damage again, as the spreading flames from the Naphtha consumes more unfortunate troops. Repeat this process again and again until you fail to score any damage, at which point the burning flames have run their course.

Force List

Iron Legionaries — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6"	4+	-	5+	10	10/12	80
Regiment (20)	6"	4+	-	5+	12	14/16	120
Horde (40)	6"	4+	-	5+	25	21/23	190

Options

May exchange sword and shield for glaives, gaining CS(1) and reducing Def to 4+

Civilian Minutemen — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (20)	6"	5+	5+	3+	10	12/14	110
Horde (40)	6"	5+	5+	3+	20	19/21	180

Special

Bows, Pathfinder

Options

May exchange Bows for Carbines, gaining Piercing(1) and reducing Range to 18" for +15 points

Riflemen — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6"	5+	4+	4+	8	10/12	130
Regiment (20)	6"	5+	4+	4+	10	14/16	165
Horde (40)	6"	5+	4+	4+	20	21/23	265

Special

Rifle, Piercing (2), Reload!

Chosen Elves — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (5)	6"	4+	3+	4+	5	10/12	120

Special

Base size: 25x50mm. Long Barrel Rifles, Piercing (2), Stealth, Reload!

Blasting Pikemen — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (20)	6"	4+	-	3+	15	14/16	165
Horde (40)	6"	4+	-	3+	30	21/23	270

Special

Thunderous Charge (2), Phalanx

Gunmages — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6"	4+	4+	4+	10	11/13	130
Regiment (20)	6"	4+	4+	4+	12	15/17	170

Special

Pistol, Piercing (1), Pathfinder

Grenadiers — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6"	3+	-	5+	10	11/13	140
Regiment (20)	6"	3+	-	5+	12	15/17	200

Special

Stealth, Brutal, Grenades, Crushing Strength (1)

Iron Knights — Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	6"	3+	-	5+	9	-/15	150
Horde (6)	6"	3+	-	5+	18	-/18	235

Special

Crushing Strength (1), Phalanx, Iron Resolve

Options

May exchange Phalanx for Thunderous Charge (1) for free.

Dragoons — Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (5)	9"	3+	4+	4+	8	11/13	140
Regiment (10)	9"	3+	4+	4+	16	14/16	215

Special

Pistol, Piercing (1), Thunderous Charge (2)

Light Dragoons — Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (5)	10"	4+	4+	4+	7	11/13	145

Special

Carbine, Piercing (1), Nimble

Heavy Rifle Team — War Engine

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6"	-	4+	4+	1	10/12	75

Special

Blast (D3+2), Piercing (3), Stealthy, Reload!

Dragonfire Volley Gun — War Engine

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6"	-	4+	4+	12	10/12	75

Special

Reload!, Piercing (1), Range 24"

Starfall Mortar — War Engine

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6"	-	5+	4+	3	10/12	85

Special

Reload!, Indirect, Blast (D3), Piercing (1)

Dragontrack — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6"	5+	-	6+	12	18/20	260

Special

Breath Attacks (25), Crushing Strength (2), Pathfinder

Magetrack — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6"	5+	-	6+	12	18/20	260

Special

Crushing Strength (2), Lightning Bolt (12), Pathfinder

Options

- May take Heal (4) for +20 pts
- May take Windblast (5) for +30 pts

Steel Hunter — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	8"	4+	4+	5+	8	-/18	250

Special

Carbine, Piercing (1), Crushing Strength (2), Nimble

Options

Exchange Carbine and Piercing (1) for Thunderous Charge (1) for free.

Marshal — Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6"	3+	-	5+	5	13/15	120

Special

Crushing Strength (1), Individual, Inspiring

Options

- May mount on horse, changing to Hero (Cav) and gaining Sp 9" for +20pts
- May take Grenades for +10pts

Lieutenant — Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6"	3+	-	5+	3	11/13	60

Special

Crushing Strength (1), Individual

Options

- May mount on horse, changing to Hero (Cav) and gainins Sp 9" for +15pts
- May take Grenades for +10pts

Arcane Engineer — Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6"	4+	4+	5+	1	11/13	105

Special

Inspiring (War Engines, Iron Knights & Monsters Only), Heal (3)(Warmachines, Iron Knights and Monsters Only), Pistol, Piercing (1), Individual

Options

- May mount on horse, changing to Hero (Cav) and gainins Sp 10" for +20pts
- May take Windblast (5) for +30pts
- May take Grenades for +10pts

Gunmage Captain — Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6”	3+	3+	4+	3	11/13	85

Special

Inspiring (Gunmages), Pistol, Piercing(1), Bane Chant (2) Individual, Pathfinder

Options

- May mount on horse, changing to Hero (Cav) and gainins Sp 10” for +15pts
- May take Heal (2) for +10pts
- May take Grenades for +10pts

Track Commander — Hero (Mon)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6”	5+	-	6+	14	18/20	290

Special

Inspiring, Breath Attack (25), Crushing Strength(2), Pathfinder

Starr, Gunslinger Mage [1] — Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6”	3+	3+	5+	5	12/14	155

Special

Individual, Inspiring, Pistol, Piercing(2), Bane Chant (2), Pathfinder, Stealthy, Headstrong, Crushing Strength(1), Heal(2), Victory or Death!

Options

- May take Grenades for +10pts

Victory or Death!

If your army includes Starr, you may upgrade one unit of Gunmages to represent her unit of battle-hardened skirmishers (+25 points). This unit has the Headstrong and Skirmisher special rules

Ivlisar Nexxis [1] — Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6”	3+	-	6+	5	-/15	170

Special

Individual, Inspiring(Grenadiers Only), Stealthy, Brutal, Grenades, CS(1), Piercing(1), Vicious

Princess Ashyrn Ironleaf [1] — Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6”	4+	4+	5+	3	12/14	150

Special

May be taken as a Dwarven Hero. Inspiring, Individual, Heal (4) (Warmachines, Iron Knights and Monsters Only), Bane-Chant (3) (Warmachines, Iron Knights and Monsters Only), Carbine, Piercing (1), Individual, Headstrong

Options

May take Grenades for +10pts

Princess Ashyrn Ironleaf on Track[1] — Hero (Mon)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6”	4+	-	6+	14	18/20	310

Special

May be taken as a Dwarven Hero. Inspiring, Breath Attack (25), Crushing Strength (2). Pathfinder, Regeneration (5+), Headstrong

Kingdoms of Men army by "Daedle"

THE MIGHT OF OLD: PART ONE

By Vane Dolenc

Editor's Note: Vane has provided us with a fantastic set of new units, magical artifacts, and spells unique to each of the armies in Kings of War. Feel free to use these fan additions to supplement your own forces, and help add a customized flavor to your armies arrayed on the battlefield.

We'll be releasing a few more of each of these additions each month; this issue, we have The Herd, the Undead, the Basileans, and the Orcs for you to peruse. Enjoy!

Might of Old: Forces of Basilea

Force List Addendum

The units listed below are added to the force list.

Elohi Stormhost*

Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	10	4+	-	5+	9	-/14	225
Horde (6)	10	4+	-	5+	18	-/17	350

Special

Crushing Strength (1), Fly, Inspiring

Elohi Stromhost Regiments have Lightning Bolt (4)

Elohi Stromhost Hordes have Lightning Bolt (8)

Beacon of the Shining Ones [1]

War Engine

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	-	-	-	5+	-	-/18	85

Special

Height 4, Advanced Deployment, Inspiring

Base size: 75x75mm (cannot be increased by "exceptional base sizes")

Nexus of Light

Whenever one or more damage points are removed from a friendly non-allied unit within 6" of the Beacon of the Shining Ones for any reason, remove one additional damage point.

Martyr

Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	-	-	3+	-	-/10	85

Special

Individual, Inspiring

Sacrifice

Any time a friendly non-allied unit within 3" would have damage placed on it for any reason, you may redirect any amount of that damage onto the Martyr instead, as long as this does not take the Martyr to more than 10 damage in total. The Martyr does not take a Nerve test for damage taken in this way.

Ascetic

This unit cannot be given a magical artefact and cannot be the target of friendly spells..

Ancestral Armoury

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

Banner of Basilea

Cost: 15 pts

Once per game, when the unit is declared as the target of an enemy spell, you may use the Banner to halve the number of attack dice rolled for that spell (rounded up). This must be declared before the dice are rolled.

Shining Lance

Cost: 20 pts

When Disordered, when charging a unit with Phalanx, during Hindered charges or in any other circumstance where the unit would not be entitled to its Thunderous Charge rule, the unit still receives half its Thunderous Charge modifier (rounded up).

Chalice of Life

Cost: 25 pts

Whenever one or more damage points are removed from the unit for any reason, remove one additional damage point.

Gauntlets of Saint Voss

Cost: 30 pts

The unit has the Pillar of Light (4) spell.

Helm of Heroism

Cost: 45 pts

This artefact can only be used by Heroes.

The Hero has the Elite special rule. All friendly non-allied units have the Elite special rule whilst within 3" of the Hero.

Arcane Secrets

High Paladins (all variants) and War-Wizards gain the following additional option:

- Pillar of Light (4) for +25 pts

Spell	Range
Pillar of Light (n)	**18"**
Special Rules	
Roll to damage as normal.	
An enemy unit that takes any damage from Pillar of Light is automatically Disordered until the end of its next turn.	

Might of Old: The Herd

Force List Addendum

The units listed below are added to the force list.

Spirit Casters — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6	5+	5+	3+	8	-/12	100
Regiment (20)	6	5+	5+	3+	10	-/16	125

Special
Firebolt

Options
- Heal (3) for +15 pts
- Impact (3) for +15 pts
- Wind Blast (4) for +20 pts

Dire Spirit Beast — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	7	4+	-	5+	7	-/19	225

Special
Base size: 100x150mm, Crushing Strength (2), Thunderous Charge (1), Fury.

Magic Sink
Halve the number of dice rolled for any spell (friendly or enemy) targeting this unit.

Acorn Catapult — War Engine

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	4	-	4+	3+	8	10/12	90

Special
Reload!

Guardian Brute Shaman — Hero (Lrg Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	4+	-	4+	4	12/15	160

Special
Crushing Strength (1), Fury, Nimble, Thunderous Charge (1), Impact (4).

This unit does not have the Pathfinder special rule.

Options
- Bane Chant (2) for +15 pts
- Heal (4) for +20 pts
- Lightning Bolt (3) for +20 pts

Ancestral Armoury

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

Boots of the Wild Dance — Cost: 20 pts

Unit with Pathfinder only.

If the unit is inside difficult terrain and not engaged in melee, it can move up to 2" straight in any direction at the end of its own side's Shoot phase, stopping 1" away from enemy units or just out of contact with blocking terrain or friends.

Horn of the Great Hunt — Cost: 20 pts

This artefact can only be used by Heroes.

The Hero has the Impact (2) spell.

Green Thumb — Cost: 25 pts

The unit has the Regeneration (6+) special rule whilst in contact with any terrain piece depicting natural foliage (such as a wood or hedge).

Moonlocket — Cost: 25 pts

Enemy units cannot benefit from the Lifeleech and Regenaration special rules whilst within 3" of the unit bearing the Moonlocket.

Arcane Secrets

Shamans gain the following additional option:
- Impact (3) for +25 pts

Spell	Range
Impact (n)	**8"**
Special Rules	
Friendly unit engaged in combat only. If the target unit has the Thunderous Charge special rule, roll a number of additional dice when resolving this spell equal to the target's Thunderous Charge value. For each 'hit' inflicted, the target unit immediately inflicts one point of damage on the enemy unit it is engaged with. That unit does not take a Nerve test for suffering this damage.	

Might of Old: Orc Armies

Force List Addendum

The units listed below are added to the force list.

Aplhax — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	5	3+	-	6+	10	11/13	160
Regiment (20)	5	3+	-	6+	12	15/17	220

Special
Elite, Inspiring

Wild Orc Cutters — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6	4+	-	3+	20	9/11	120
Regiment (20)	6	4+	-	3+	25	13/15	175

Special
Stealthy, Vicious

Wild Orc Pokers — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	6	4+	-	3+	10	9/11	100
Regiment (20)	6	4+	-	3+	15	13/15	140

Special
Stealthy, Vicious, Phalanx

Wild Orc Lancers — Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (5)	9	4+	-	3+	8	9/11	10
Regiment (10)	9	4+	-	3+	16	12/14	140

Special
Stealthy, Vicious, Thunderous Charge (1)

Wild Orc Stab-Team — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	4+	-	3+	D6+3	9/11	65

Special
Base Size: 25x50mm, Height 1, Vicious, Individual, Crushing Strength (3)

Tower of Babble — War Engine

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	-	-	4+	-	-/14	160

Special

Lightning Bolt (2), Fireball (7), Frenzy (4)

Slave Mage Battery
This unit can use all of its spells in the same turn, but each spell must be cast at a different target.

Ancestral Armoury

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

Eager War Sandals — Cost: 5 pts

Every time the unit takes at least one point of damage from a ranged attack, it may move 1" directly forward, stopping 1" away from enemy units and just out of contact with blocking terrain and friends.

Banner of Bad Blood — Cost: 20 pts

The unit has the Fury and Iron Resolve special rules.

Warmonger's Horn — Cost: 20 pts

This artefact can only be used by Heroes.

The Hero has the Frenzy (5) spell.

Chant of Slaughter — Cost: 25 pts

Once per game, before resolving its melee attacks, the unit may use this item to increase its Attacks value by D6 for the rest of that Melee Phase.

Bloodhungry Blade — Cost: 25 pts

This artefact can only be used by Heroes.

All of the Hero's melee attacks hit automatically. The Hero suffers 1 damage point at the end of each of his own side's Melee Phases if he did not rout an enemy unit in that phase. He does not take a Nerve test for suffering this damage.

Arcane Secrets

Godspeakers gain the following additional options:

- Frenzy (5) for +10 pts

Spell	Range
Frenzy (n)	**12"**
Special Rules	
Friendly unit only, including units engaged in combat. Hits don't inflict damage. Instead, for each hit 'inflicted' by Frenzy, the target unit increases its Attacks value by 1 for the rest of the current turn. Frenzy cannot target War Engines and Monsters.	

Might of Old: Undead Armies

Force List Addendum

The units listed below are added to the force list.

Night Swarm — Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	10	5+	-	3+	9	10/12	120
Horde (6)	10	5+	-	3+	18	13/15	155

Special
Fly, Vicious, Stealthy

Werebats — Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	10	4+	-	4+	9	12/14	155
Horde (6)	10	4+	-	4+	18	15/17	240

Special
Fly, Crushing Strength (1), Lifeleech (2)

Plague Wagon — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	5+	-	4+	D6	-/15	90

Special
Base size: 50x100mm, Inspiring (Zombies only), Regeneration (6+), Shambling

Plague Cloud
Friendly non-allied Zombies have Regeneration (6+) whilst within 6" of a Plague Wagon. Enemy units cannot recover lost damage points for any reason whilst within 6" of a Plague Wagon.

Dire Carrion Bird — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	10	4+	-	4+	10	17/19	205

Special
Base size: 100x150mm, Fly, Crushing Strength (2), Vicious, Lifeleech (2)

Wailing Spirit — Hero (Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	10	4+	-	6+	1	-/13	120

Special
Breath Attack (6), Dark Call (4), Piercing (2), Fly, Shambling, Individual

Ancestral Armoury

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

Blackblood Vial — Cost: 30 pts

Units with the Reanimator spell only. This item increases the unit's Reanimator (n) value by 2.

Nightstone — Cost: 30 pts

Unit with the Regeneration special rule only. Once per game, you may re-roll all failed Regeneration results. You can decide to use this ability after making the initial roll.

Crown of Control — Cost: 35 pts

This artifact can only be used by Heroes.

At any time during your Movement Phase, you may nominate one friendly non-allied unit within 6" of the Hero. That unit loses the Shambling rule for the rest of the turn.

Arcane Secrets

Vampires (all variants) gain the following additional option:

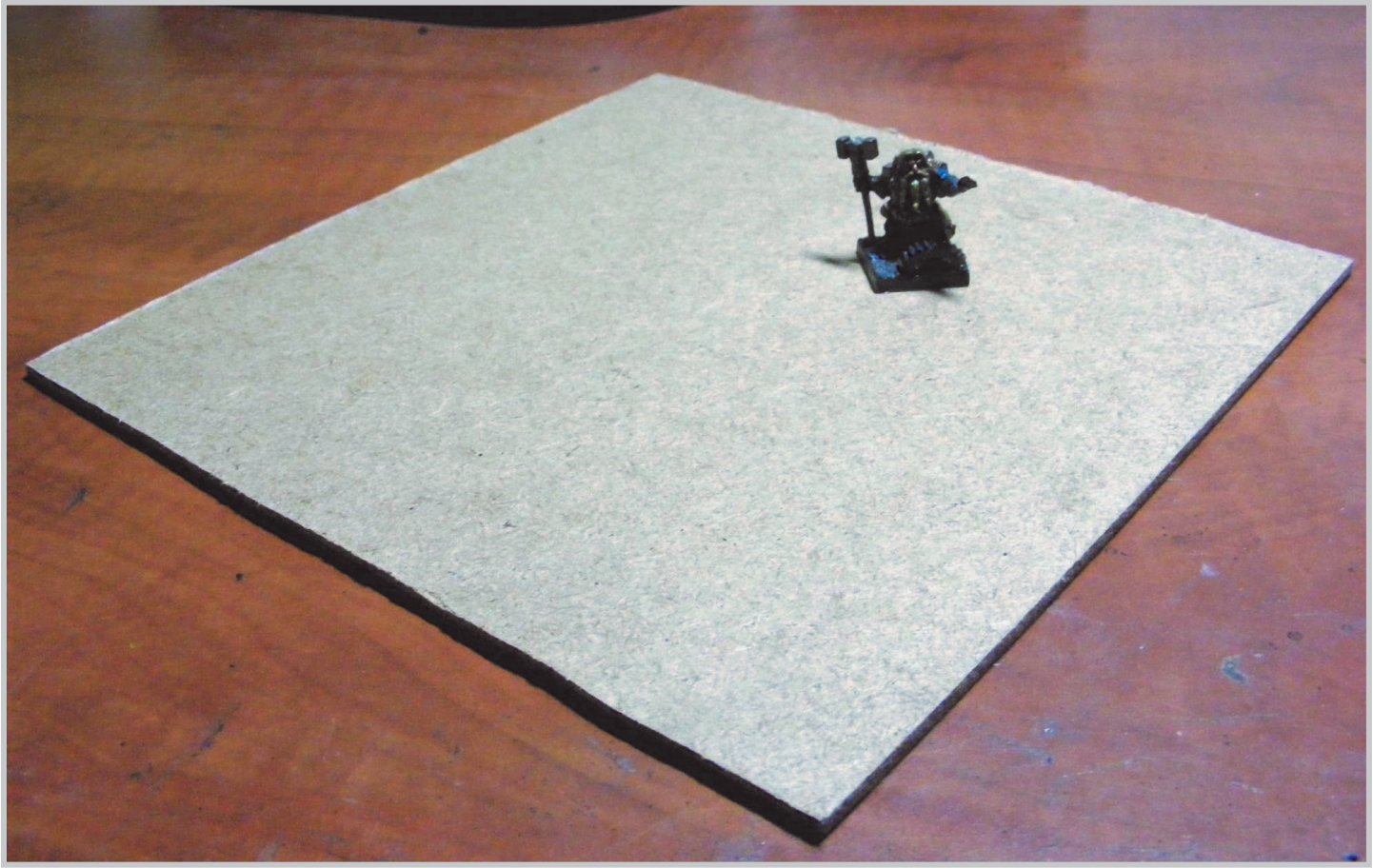
- Dark Call (4) for +30 pts

Liche Kings and Necromancers gain the following additional option:

- Reanimator (4) for +30 pts

Spell	Range
Dark Call (n)	**18"**
Special Rules	
Hits don't inflict damage. Instead, each hit pulls the target enemy unit 1" – resolve this like a Wind Blast, but move the target in the opposite direction.	

Spell	Range
Reanimator (n)	**12"**
Special Rules	
Piercing 1 - roll to damage as normal. For each point of damage inflicted, you may remove one point of damage from a friendly non-allied unit that is within 6" of the spell's target and has a Unit Size greater than 1.	



THE SKULL CRYPT

By Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

Editor's Note: Peter has been kind enough to send us several terrain-making tutorials for the next few issues. While they don't have step-by-step written overviews, the materials are simple, and a picture (of a tutorial step) is worth a thousand words!

"I work until now only with high-density polystyrene-often colored has a smooth, tough structure.
The only special tool I use is a desktop foam cutter from Proxxon.
The other tools all modelers have at home:

- *Retractable knife*
- *Scalpel with disposable blades (for very detailed cutting)*
- *Brushes*
- *Pencil*
- *Toothpick*

And endless imagination!"

Peter's other notes for this build:

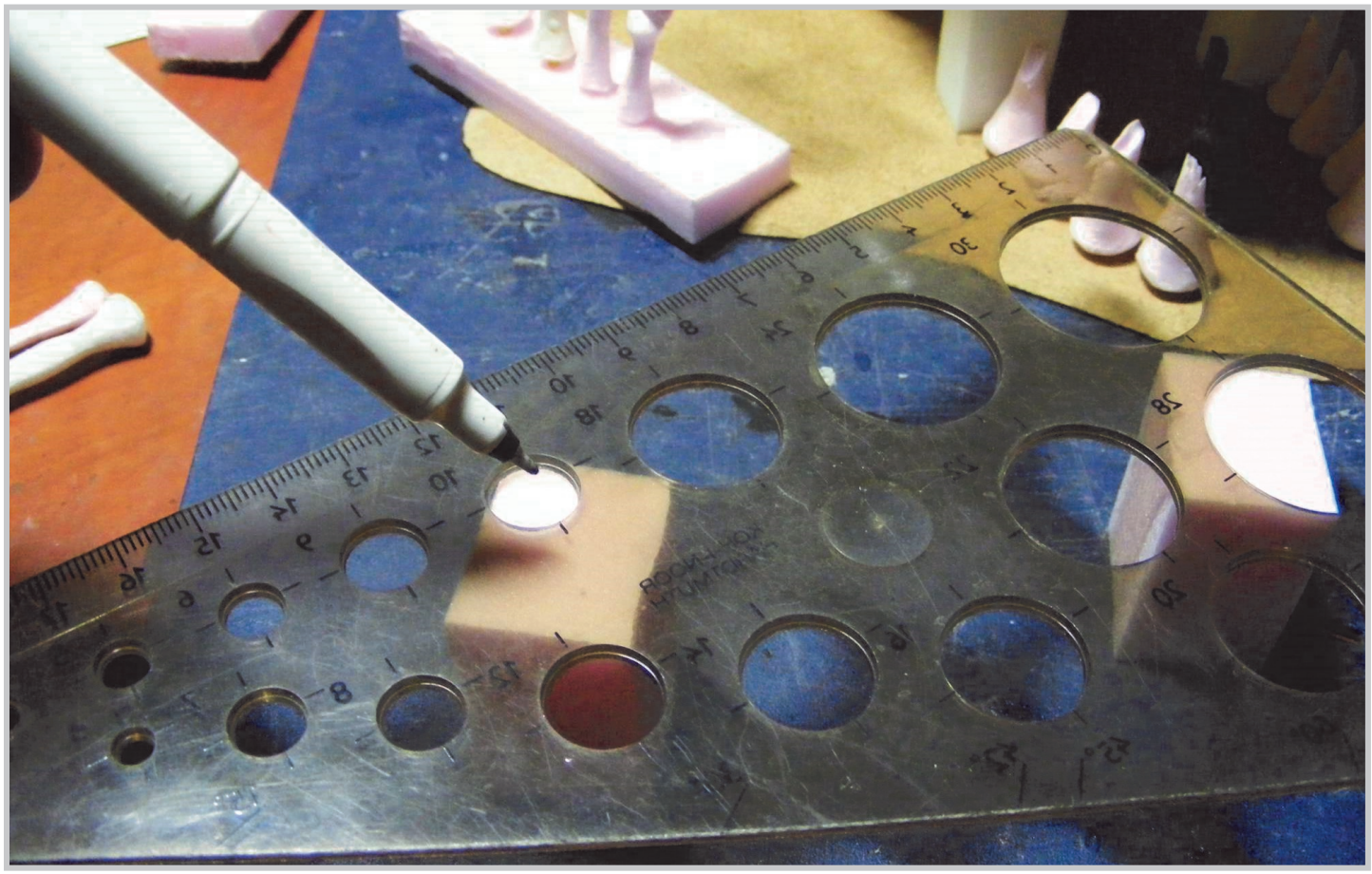
"Today on my table I ended up with some leftover decorations from Halloween, so let's see, what I can do from them

I figured these would be great for some sort of Tumulus. A tumulus is ancient grave under hill. Look it up on Wikipedia!

This terrain was experiment to see if I could build something for another race. Hopefully the undead fans like it!

This piece was intended for sale, which was why it was left primed black and ready to paint."

GENIUS
PRO



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Elvish Spearmen by Neil Dixon

GUARDIANS OF THE SEA

By Donn Turner

Although Kerith was, by most standards, a grown man, he was still young for a Kindred. He had seen 30 summers, and was already accomplished with both the bow and spear. He had even spent a season on the waves, as an apprentice on a small trading vessel. These accomplishments might be considered noteworthy for other, less sophisticated, races. But, for a youth from Therennia Adar, Kerith had just begun his story.

As a terrible war raged between anxiety and excitement within his core, Kerith paused, took a deep calming breath, and entered the barracks. He had dreamed of this moment all of his life. In fact, he could not remember wanting anything else. To be on the open waves. To strike like the lightning. To be one of the Guard.

Overwhelmed by the atmosphere of the busy space, Kerith paused, blocking the doorway. It was even better than he had imagined. Beautiful suits of armor were displayed along each wall. Next to the armor stands were racks that proudly displayed trusted spears and bows. The smell of exotic oils, sea salt, and exertion only added to the ambiance. Despite his best efforts, Kerith could not restrain himself. He smiled.

"Either come in, or be about your day, young one." The grizzled voice broke through Kerith's elation.

"I…I'm…forgive me, my lord. I am Kerith." he struggled.

"…yes…yes, I've been expecting you." the stranger said after a brief pause.

"I was told to report to this barracks, in order to start…"

"I know why you're here, boy." the stranger interrupted.

"…I…I see. Have…have I done something to offend you, sir?" Kerith asked, slightly confused.

"…Come here. Let me look at you." the stranger answered in reply.

Kerith recovered, and moved to stand proudly before the stranger. He was not at all what Kerith had been expecting. The man was obviously far older than Kerith, and had a rough manner. It was difficult to avoid staring at the scar that ran down the right side of his face.

The stranger was obviously appraising Kerith, looking at him from head to foot. Kerith pushed out his chest, standing as tall as he could, in reply. The stranger just looked at Kerith, disapprovingly.

"How old are you, boy?" the stranger asked.

"I have seen 30 summers, sir!" Kerith replied.

Elves defend the walls in a siege by "SneakyChris"

Elven Archers by Jonathan Faulkes

"That all?" the stranger retorted.

"Sir, I have completed the trials, and I am here to begin my…" Kerith started.

The stranger interrupted Kerith by grabbing his hands. The stranger turned them upwards, and looked at Kerith's palms. The look of disapproval was easy to read on his features.

"This isn't a game, boy." the stranger stated.

"I know that, sir! To serve in the Guard…" Kerith began.

"Yeah, yeah. I know. To serve in the Guard is the highest honor." the stranger interrupted.

The stranger let go of Kerith's hands, and just stared at the youth. For what seemed like an eternity, the pair stood in silence. Finally, the stranger let out a long sigh, and then pursed his lips.

"My name is Theodinel, and I am the Sergeant-at-arms of the Taranath. It is my duty to ensure that all hands are ready to sail at a moment's notice. It is not a duty that I cherish, for I have seen too many walk through that door, never to return." the stranger stated.

"I will not disappoint you, Sergeant!" Kerith stated loudly.

"I know. That's what they said too." Theodinel countered.

After an uncomfortable silence, Theodinel turned, and started to walk towards the enclosed training area at the back of the barracks. Just before he reached the door, he turned and looked at Kerith, and then beckoned him to follow.

Kerith raced after the rough old Sergeant, and stepped into the open enclosure. There were several Kindred here, each engaged in some sort of training. Some were shooting at straw targets with well used bows, while others were progressing through practiced spear forms. Kerith recognized many of the spear thrusts and counters, only to be confused by other movements that seemed odd. Almost improvised.

"This is where you will start your training, boy. This isn't some plush court training ground. This is real. We train as we fight. Forget everything that you have learned so far. All it will do is get you killed." Theodinel stated.

Confused, Kerith paused. He had spent the last 10 summers becoming proficient with both the bow and spear. If it was all for nothing, then why had he spent hours and hours pushing himself almost to breaking?

"Don't believe me? Take up that spear, and attack me boy." Theodinel challenged.

"…but…you are unarmed and unarmored, Sergeant…" Kerith replied.

"Ha! If you so much as touch me, boy, then I will make you Captain!" Theodinel mocked.

Kerith was conflicted. He wanted to show the old Sergeant what he could do, but at the same time, he did not want to injure his new commander. Kerith walked over to the spear rack, and with some hesitation, took up a spear. He then took up a fighting stance before the old veteran.

"Hit me boy." Theodinel demanded.

Kerith thrusted the spear, but his heart was not in it. Instead, the Sergeant just batted it away.

"Don't waste my time, boy. Either stick me, or go home." Theodinel mocked.

Kerith was embarrassed, and thrust again, but the attack lacked conviction.

Kings of War Elven army by Matt Gilbert

Elven Palace Guard by "Maccwar"

"If that's the best that you can do, then we are done here." Theodinel stated as he turned to walk away.

Just then, Kerith became aware of the others in the training enclosure. They had all stopped their training activities, and were watching the youth fumble with the old veteran. Some of them were mocking Kerith, while others just shook their heads in disapproval.

This was not how it was supposed to be. Kerith had spent almost every night of his life dreaming of his glorious acceptance into the honored warrior tradition. He had spent almost every day preparing for this moment. Now, some old fool was humiliating him on purpose, in front of those that were supposed to be his brothers and sisters.

Filled with rage at such treatment, Kerith let his frustration and disappointment overwhelm him. Kindred hearts burn bright with passion, and no more so than when that passion is denied. Without restraint, Kerith raged, and attacked Theodinel from behind. The point of his spear aimed right at the old fool's back.

Instantly, the veteran Sergeant turned, sidestepped the thrusted spear, and redirected the point into the sandy ground. Overextended, Kerith first fell forward, and then stopped abruptly when the spear impacted with the ground. Kerith was fast, even among the Kindred. But, he was not fast enough to regain his footing before Theodinel smashed his bare fist right

into Kerith's pale left cheek. The blow was powerful, and knocked the youth to the dirty ground.

It took Kerith a moment to regain his senses. When he was finally able, he looked up to see Theodinel standing over him. The veteran had collected his spear, and was glaring at the youth. Kerith stood uneasily, and met the Sergeant's fury. After a moment, the youth returned to the spear rack, and took up another weapon.

Some of the others in the training area started to approach the youth when he took up another weapon, but halted at a barked command from Theodinel. Kerith slowly walked over to Theodinel, and took up a fighting stance before the Sergeant. Theodinel did not move. He just stood there, glaring at Kerith.

Elven Lord on a Dragon by Paul Mulis

"I gave you a chance, boy. Not everyone is up to the challenge. There is no shame. You tried. You failed. You still have a lot of seasons before you. Don't throw them away like this." Theodinel finally stated.

"I would rather die, here and now, than fail." Kerith retorted.

"So be it." Theodinel replied as he took up an unusual fighting stance.

Several heartbeats passed before Kerith could no longer bare the stillness. He launched into a basic thrust. Anyone even remotely skilled with a spear could have deflected the attack. But, that was why it was Kerith's favorite move. It was clever feint, which opened the target up to a lightning fast riposte. Kerith had used this exact same maneuver during his sparing trials, and was easily able to defeat his opponent.

Theodinel easily blocked the thrust. But, before Kerith could launch into his second attack, Theodinel stepped into the youth's path, and smashed into him with his shoulder. The youth was knocked off balance, and fell backwards to the sandy ground. Theodinel took a step back, and readied himself for the next strike.

Kerith was surprised that his favorite trick had failed, but regained his composure quickly. He rebuked himself for not striking the old

Elven Spearmen by Matt Gilbert

Sergeant. True, the old fool had much more experience, but his form was atrocious. He fought more like a Dwarf than an Elf! How could such a brute become a commander in the Guard?

Readying himself, Kerith adjusted his stance to one more suitable for fighting the short men, and launched a powerful attack. Mid thrust, Theodinel blocked the attack by bracing his left forearm on the haft of Kerith's spear. Overextended, Kerith watched helplessly as Theodinel delivered a powerful blow to the youth's right cheek. Surprisingly, it was with his left fist, rather than with the spear he held in his right hand. Kerith was knocked back down to the sand. When Kerith turned to face his opponent, he found Theodinel's spear tip only inches from his face.

"I told you to forget all that fancy stuff they teach you in court." Theodinel stated.

Kerith was furious. Not only had all of his dreams come crashing down around him, but now the old fool was mocking him in front of the others. It was too much. His Kindred passion swelled in his chest, raging into an inferno.

"Then make your strike, you son of an orc." Kerith replied, glaring.

"Is that really what you want, boy?" Theodinel questioned.

"I told you…I have dedicated my entire life for this day. I will not turn back now!" Kerith raged.

"You would rather die, than fail?" Theodinel asked.

"Yes! I would rather die than not live my life in the Guard!" Kerith responded.

Theodinel paused. Slowly, he moved the point of his spear away from Kerith's face, and extended his left hand to the youth. Lost in his defiance, Kerith did not respond.

"You have spirit, Kerith. I'll give you that. Take my hand." Theodinel said.

"What? Is this some kind of trick? Have you not humiliated me enough already?" Kerith responded angrily.

"No trick." Theodinel said as he dropped his spear.

"But…I…I don't understand…" Kerith stammered.

"What you don't know could fill a library. It's my job to teach you. Take my hand. Stand." Theodinel said as he offered his hand again.

Reluctantly, Kerith took Theodinel's offered hand, and stood. Still wary of deception, Kerith looked around him. The others in the training enclosure were all staring at him with mixed expressions, but they bore him no malice.

"Every day, some young Kindred walks through that door. Raised on tales of fantasy and adventure, they think that their destiny is to ride the waves. Well, I'm here to tell you, that many will not survive their first cruise. That's what it means to serve in the Guard." Theodinel said with conviction.

"Is this how you test their resolve?" Kerith asked, calming.

"No. I don't waste my time with most. But, your reputation proceeds you. You performed well in the trials, and were recommended by someone I trust. This is no game, Kerith. What we do is not some grand adventure. I admit, there are times that are better than others. Racing across the open ocean, with the wind in your hair. The sights and smells of a distant port…" Theodinel mused.

Elven Heroes by "Maccwar"

"I have dreamed of such things." Kerith admitted.

"But, those sensations come at a high price. What do you think it means to be in the Sea Guard?" Theodinel asked.

"It is one of the highest honors that our people can aspire to." Kerith replied.

"That is true. But, it often requires the greatest sacrifice. We are the first, Kerith. That's why we must master both the bow and spear. We are the first off the ship. We are the first to face the horrors that plague our world. We must be prepared to for any threat. This requires more than just martial prowess. Otherwise, any of us could serve in the Guard." Theodinel stated.

"What is it that makes the Guard unique, Sergeant?" Kerith asked earnestly.

"Spirit, Kerith. Spirit. That unknown quality that cannot be learned. It is either part of you, or it is not. We don't have time for inspiring speeches, or lofty ideals. When we storm the beach, we must be ready to face the unknown. You can only do that if you have spirit, Kerith. The lives of your brothers and sisters depends on your spirit, just as your life depends on theirs. We do not have the luxury of retreat. If you fail, then your brothers and sisters die, Kerith. If they fail, then you die. It is that simple." Theodinel answered.

"Did I not just demonstrate my spirit, Sergeant" Kerith asked.

"Yes, and much more. You are young, and have yet to master your passions, Kerith. For the Kindred, that is dangerous. But, within that passion resides spirit. A resolve that does not falter in the face of death. It will be some time before you are ready to sail. Many seasons, perhaps. But, if you listen to me, I can forge your spirit into a weapon that is greater than any other. I will not make it easy, Kerith. My life, as well as those of my brothers and sisters, depends on how well I hone your edge." Theodinel cautioned.

"I am ready, Sergeant." Kerith declared.

"Very well. We begin now. Pick up that spear, and try to strike me." Theodinel commanded.

"Yes, Sergeant." Kerith said with a smile on his face.▪

Elven archer by Jonathan Faulkes

Veer-myn Maligni by Chris Schlumpberger

ULTRASONIC

Part 2

By Sebastian Pietrzak

The two GCPS technicians murmured in wonder at the latest revelation their investigation had produced.

- Alright James, I know this is quite a shock to know these rats are so obsessed with visual effects during battle, but we still have some time before reporting to commander Kovalsky. I still have a few more footages ready to analyze. Load them and display on screens 3 to 7.

The operator sitting behind the console keyed in a series of commands and brought up the screens. The flat panel flickered and showed different locations in underground facilities below the port. One of the standing technicians began to watch all of them, looking for something significant on which he could focus and perhaps link to one of the recent Veer-myn attacks. Different lonely rat figures were shown on all five screens. Sometimes they were sauntering slowly, only to stop at random location, stand still for a moments and began walking anew. Another came to a certain location and stood there for a long time, twisting its head from side to side as if thinking intensively. This recording caught Marek's attention.

- Bring up recording 6 to the main screen. Enhance image.

- Can't promise anything. This particular camera is low resolution.

The operator input a program for the machine to work on the video file. After few long minutes the processing was finished and they watched the recording again – in better quality this time. The lone rat was still there, standing and waggling. This time, however, they both saw something more –

the rat man was stamping his foot delicately. Every time he cocked his head, his foot paused for a moment and began its tapping again, with different pace each time.

- This corridor; it's close to some active production hall or something similar with laud machinery?

– Hmm, there's a boiler room nearby. No any conveyor belts there, but there are some pumps, crushers, and automated feeders.

- Do we have a recording from this room? We need sound this time; video is less important.

The technician began searching in the system and found the requested footage from a very low resolution camera – but with sound. He guessed what Tarczynsky had in mind and played both recordings at the same time, matching recording time, so they were displaying the exact same second.

Both technicians began to raise their brows once they realized what they were watching. The listening rat was wagging to the rhythm of heating pumps, his clawed foot was tapping the floor with frequency matching the grating sound of an automated feeders, while his head changed its position every time the crusher pounded its cargo and crumbled it to dust. After few such cycles he shook himself like a dog and fled hotfoot into the darkness, disappearing from sight.

- Remind me, when was this recorded?

– Four hours ago.

Deadzone Veer-Myn by Paul Mullis

Deadzone Reb Humazn Troopers by Nicodemus Sandberg

– We don't have much time. We need to plan something nasty for them when they assault the room. Contact Commander Kovalsky. We need to hasten our meeting.

***

Burrus and his fellow Maligni crouched in the maintenance tunnel and listened muffled sounds coming from around the corner. The zig-zag pattern of the shaft and the distance from the target room attenuated the hypnotizing noises and occasional human voices. Despite this, the Veer-myn did not dare to venture further in order to avoid alerting the humans' security devices they had surely loaded the boiler room with.

The well-known mixture of sounds coming from the machines in the area, which was the reason they planned this and other attacks, was enriched with additional tones. Very pleasant to the ear. Harmonious. Not veiling the original sounds, but rather emphasizing their qualities. At first, their reaction was spontaneous excitement and eagerness to commit to the attack at once. But after this came the realization about the increased human presence in proximity to the boiler room. This rang a warning tone in Burrus' mind. He ordered his pack to suspend the attack and scout the area without the enemy noticing their presence.

As he suspected, the room was heavily guarded. Even though the soldiers were doing their best to conceal their positions, their clumsiness had given them away. Rustling of their uniforms, scraping of their clad boots, and soft humming of the energy sources of their emplaced weapons – all of this told the stalking rats the estimated quantity and quality of the enemy force.

Thanks to this intel, Burrus knew it was a trap. His pack was experienced with such tactics; they often used them against the troopers guarding some valuable equipment, munitions or pleasantly growling devices. The GCPS equivalent of Maligni must have done a great job in analyzing his pack: it seemed they had deployed emitters, enriching the sound of the room in order to lure them inside without any recon. They might have discovered their sound inclinations, but they have yet to understand their race was not a horde of barbarian rodents without lateral thinking. At least, not all of them.

Burrus bared his teeth with contempt when the lights in the room suddenly went out. His brother's pack had answered his call.

Would-be ambushers guessed something went horribly wrong with their ambush and turned on their underslung flashlights. The room was filled with rapidly moving rays of light as the soldiers nervously swept the area in search of the enemy. As planned, Burrus' pack members around the room began to whirr their combat drills. Immediately soldiers began to turn their lights chaotically towards multiple sources of the sound. The drilling noise was coming from all over the place. Only military discipline prevented them from firing blindly at the potential enemy location.

To add fuel to the fire, Burrus ordered some of his Crawlers to show glimpses of themselves to the disoriented soldiers, without engaging them. As expected, visual contact with the enemy was too much for the stressed humans. Without orders from

Deadzone Enforcer with heavy weapon by "C.M. minis"

Deadzone firefight at Adepticon 2015, courtesy of Mantic Games

their superiors, soldiers opened fire in all directions. Veer-myn provocateurs quickly took cover and let the incoming energy lasers bypass them and their hiding spots by far.

The state of chaos and roaring was what the Veer-myn were looking for. Not stopping their combat drills, rat men waited patiently. Finally Blangor's pack has arrived.

Directly above each position of the would-be ambushers, four drills in a square pattern pierced the ceiling. Their whizzing was drowned out by the chaotic fusillade and more drills encircling the room. Once they broke free, they were withdrawn. Seconds later something big and heavy stomped at the center of the square designated by the four holes, and this part of the ceiling collapsed along with the creature that was standing on it. The metal plate hit the ground with a loud thud. For a few seconds surprised soldiers could see a Veer-myn monstrosity armed with a huge drill and some version of the rats' energy weapon. It was also carrying a strange device on its back, which looked like a hastily-gathered collection of flashlights, reflectors and other random light bulbs. They were not given a long time to look at the invader, as the hulking Nightmare turned on its drill in one hand and also the strange device on its back. Suddenly the defenders were blinded by the barrage of flashing strobe light. They only heard the heavy footsteps of the creature and the sound of more Veer-myn jumping into the room and charging at them with a

roar.

For the poor soldiers, death had arrived in slow motion, in the company of blinding light and maddening sounds of combat drills tearing them apart.

Unaffected by the chaos around her, a fully armored figure was leaning against the wall, one knee bent and feet touching the wall. With both arms crossed on her chest, she tilted her fully enclosed helmet and stood motionless, ignored by the people running around and shouting reports and orders.

Her HUD was flooding with reports, security cameras' footage, alerts from motion and fire detectors and other alert sensors. Her enhanced brain was absorbing and processing all of the data easily. She allowed part of her mind to focus on the conversation taking place in the command and control room, where Adam Kovalsky was slowly but surely falling into despair. He was trying to keep up appearances by his typical bursts of anger, but he couldn't fool her. Countless sensors and signal analyzers told her clearly he was on the edge. She decided it was time to act if this last stand of humanity on the planet should survive.

The doors to the room swung open. All heads turned to the entrance where the fully armored figure stood. It was the Enforcer observer who had initiated the Grounding Protocol. She was their doom, but she could also become their beacon of hope.

- Enforcer P12-6-12, access level Gamma. Commander Kovalsky, I'm relieving you from your duty and I am taking charge. Mr Watts, please switch to the backup energy source immediately. Order your people fighting at the helipad to abandon their positions and withdraw to the central hub. But tell them to do it in team by team fashion, covering one another – not as a terrified mob. And please make way, I would like to use the communication terminal.

All eyes gathered in the room brightened with hope. The armored woman walked over to the console and inserted a probe protruding from a computer on her forearm. Instantly, the screen displayed a series of commands granting access to all systems, including long range

Dreadball Veer-Myn by Geoff Burbidge

communication.

- Enforcer P12-6-12, access level Gamma. High threat level for citizens and corporate equipment detected. Requesting bombardment of these coordinates and a strike team for defense of High Value Assets and possible hunt.

Everyone in the room exhaled with sudden relief at the one word coming from the speakers.

-Acknowledged.

***

Deadzone Enforcer Sergeant Howlett by Chris Schlumpberger

Skittering Nightcrawlers finished decoupling everything from the geothermal energy source – a massive blend of multiple machines, tirelessly converting heat from the planet's core into usable energy for the rest of the human population that still inhabited the inhospitable planet. Other rats moved on to working on the wires themselves. They began winding them on a spool, touching it from time to time with a strange electrical device in a shape of a rod. Sometimes, based on the rod's indications, they cut parts of the cable away and brgan spooling anew.

Burrus nodded with contempt, glanced at the geotherm one more time, and took off to the surface. Quickly running through and climbing up Veer-myn controlled tunnels and shafts, he reached it in no time. There, the two packs coordinated their efforts in dismantling a human cannon. *His* brethren focused on the wiring, buzzing transformers, humming capacitors, and flapping rotors. His brother's pack, interested in the cannon itself, was tasked with packing the parts on lined-up tunnellers and transporting it back to their workshops near the main hive.

Blangor's sentries were guarding the area above the ground, while Burrus' were covering the maze-like system of underground corridors. Humans were quite easily driven away from their positons.; Burrus suspected it to be a tactical retreat with an ongoing counter charge, but not for

another 4 hours least. In his experience, humans were very slow in reacting and adjusting to new situations. Their paper-related chain of command required long conversations and strange computer letters. Everything could be easily and quickly told and discussed by a complex series of squeaks, whiskers' movement and few pheromones. His kind was much more efficient in terms of giving orders and generally reacting to a danger. Especially when the Brood Mother was threatened.

The weakness of their guards was exposed when something terrified Blangor, who squeaked a warning, causing instinctive reaction in all Nightcrawlers on the ground, and indirectly alerting those underground as well. The warning was being relayed further away, and soon most of his brethren were looking for cover and awaiting the inevitable attack.

The expected attack arrived with a thundering roar of missiles. They hit the ground all over the place and ejected their deadly cargo – with a deafening bangs of explosions, crackling flames washed over the area. They were followed by a flying wall of shrapnel that eviscerated any rat on their path and clattered against metal creates and building walls. The last salvo held the blue light of plasma eruptions, lighting the area like a group of miniature suns. This released their EM charges, effectively immobilizing most of the vehicles – except for the Veer-

Deadzone Veer-myn by Paul Mullis

Deadzone Enforcer Captain by "Toulouse Miniatures"

myn's, which were mostly mechanical, and didn't rely on electronics. All of their equipment would be treated as backward and laughable by most of the sentient races in the galaxy, but definitely not in such circumstances. Once their crews recovered, they rolled out their vehicles again, setting up the route to the closest tunnel entrance; for some of them, they triggered their mighty drills and started to dig a new pathway for themselves.

Following the smoking trail left by the shredding missiles, sleek flying machines followed. A wing of three aircraft drove up, lit the plaza with discreet grit of red targeting lights, searching for living targets. The crafts opened fire with their forward solid-shot batteries and wing-mounted energy weapons. Scores of his brethren were caught in the fusillade before they either found a sufficient cover at the plaza or reached the tunnellers and dug behind them. Incoming rounds rebounded with showers of sparks from heavily armored vehicles while the laser beams marked the battered hulls with red-hot stigma before the energy dissipated harmlessly.

Burrus took cover in the makeshift tunnel beside the now empty position where the thermal cannon was emplaced before. He did not flee to the safety of the dark tunnels below the ground yet. Instead, he had decided to watch the withdrawal and get a glimpse of a new enemy.

All of their transports were half-way buried in the ground. The enemy flyers seemed content with hunting fleeing rats, but one of them drove up close to the tunnellers' position and the a barrel of a new weapon, protruded out, somewhat similar to the now -disassembled thermal cannon. Burrus watched as the gun came to life. There was a series of sizzling sounds of energy coils charging, the subtle patter of pistons loading something into the gun, and a growing sound of cooling fans playing a new melody for his ears.

Without any warning the cannon emitted a cold, white lance of energy, directed at one of the Veer-myn vehicles. Along with the blinding stream of light, the cannon shouted its battle cry. It was unusual, an ultrasonic, modulated beat that mesmerized Burrus.

The beam of searing light connected with one of the fleeing tunnellers. Upon impact it instantly melted the vehicle's external armour and vaporized the insides, insides which immediately disappeared in the howling winds created by the blast.

The tunnel entrance created by the destroyed machine turned into a wound in the earth, still glowing brightly in the dark of the night. When his excitement lessened, Burrus noticed his pulse still reverberating the modulated rhythm of the cannon firing. He forced himself to move and vanish into the tunnel, but just before the safety of the darkness enveloped him, he turned his head to where his brother stood. And there he was, also astir and glancing at his sibling.

Two Veer-myn brothers easily read each-other's feelings behind buttery eyes and twitching whiskers. They had yet another common cause. ▪

Deadzone Mercenaries by "C.M. Minis"

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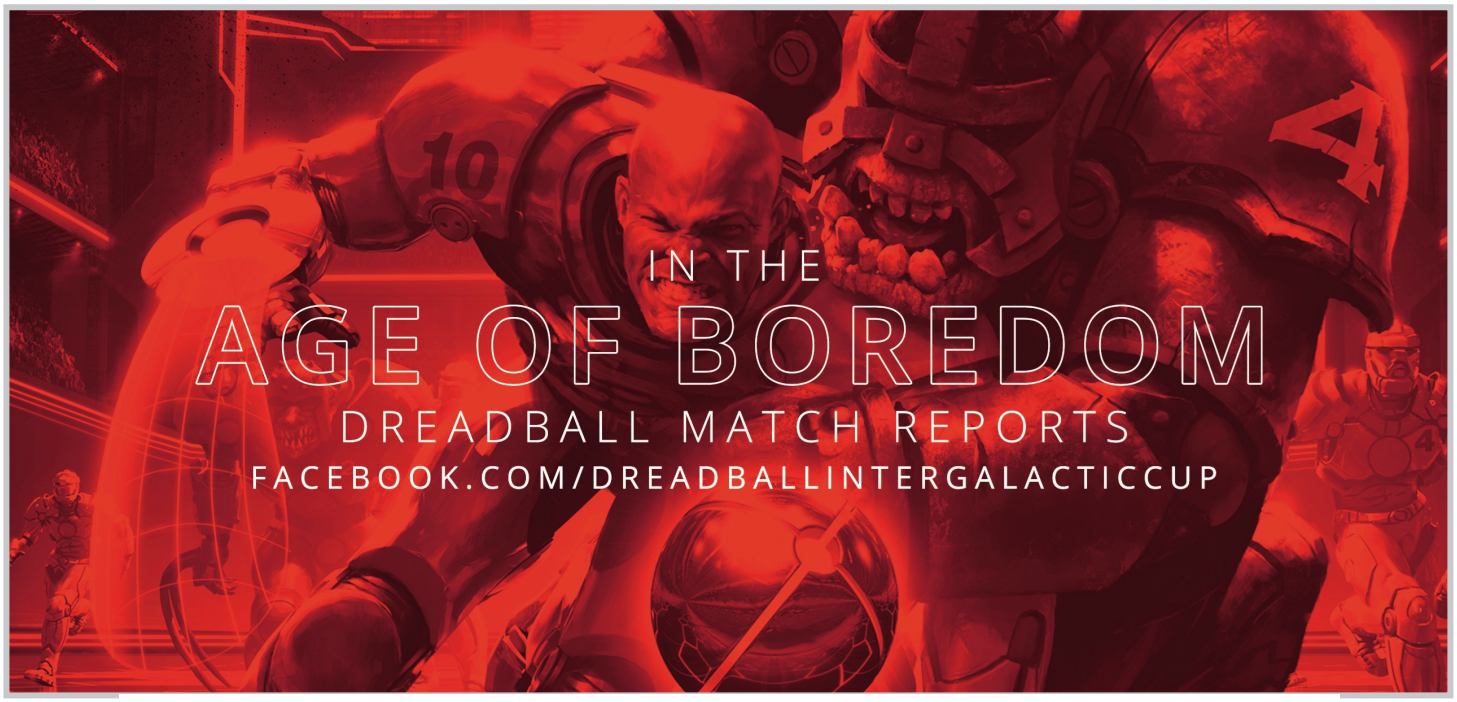

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